APPLEDORE.

Bright glow her flowers in Appledore,
The waves are glancing free,
But mute she lies with folded hands,
The singer of the sea.

Far Ireland, through her music verse,
We heard the curlews cry,
And watched the green hills all around
The fishing-boats go by.

Now on the breakers white with foam,
The fierce storm seemed to ride;
And now upon the shining sands,
Crept, murmuring, the tide.

Not lost! The singer and her song
Shall live forevermore
Her memory speaks in every wave
That breaks on Appledore!

—Harper's Bazar.

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

"I never knew before," she said to me one morning, "what a lovely month September is. The red and gold, the russet brown and deep crimson of the trees, are even more beautiful than their green leaves; and I like September flowers better than those which come in spring; there is nothing so lovely as the white chrysanthemum."

Poor child! I knew afterwards why she found September the fairest of months. Again, we had driven one noon to Ashton Firs, taking with us luncheon for the sportsmen. We stood for some minutes watching the sunlight on the valley, and the blue haze on the distant hills. She turned to me suddenly, her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Audrey," she said, "what a beautiful world it is! I never knew until now. I seem to have slept through my life, and to be just awakening. Do you see the green of the grass and the lovely blue of the sky? Why, Audrey, I never knew how much music there was in a bird's song. I never knew what the brook sung about, or the wind told to the trees, until now."

Ah, my dear, my dear! neither you nor I was wise enough to know what was teaching you.

One evening—it was the month of September and the moon was shining bright as day in the midst of a dark-blue sky—the gentlemen sat longer than usual over their wine. The night was warm and pleasant.

"Audrey," said Lady Latimer, "let us go as far as the white gate just to look at the river."

I wrapped a black lace shawl round her golden head and white shoulders, and we went out together, leaving the shining lights that streamed from the great windows, and the dim, soft shadow of the old house behind us, down past the lime trees, to the white gate that was canopied with trees.

"Open it, Audrey, and let us go down to the water's edge," said Lady Latimer.

We went, and I remember as though it were yesterday, our shadows on the long grass, and the wooing sigh of the wind in the fast-dying lime leaves.

The moon shone full over the river, every wavelet seemed to catch a ray of silvery light; the sight was beautiful as fairy-land. Lady Latimer stood silent for some minutes; then in a low, soft voice she began the lines:

"I passed without the city gate,
I lingered by the way,
The palm was bending to her mate,
And thus I heard her say:

"The arrow to the quiver,
And the wild bird to the tree
The stream to meet the river,
And the river to the sea
The waves are wedded on the beach,
The shadows on the lea
And like to like—and each to each,
And I—to thee

"The cedar on the mountain,
And the bramble in the brake
The widow by the fountain,
And the lily by the lake;
The serpent coiling in its lair,
The eagle soaring free,
Draw kin to kin, and pair to pair,
And I—too thee'

"The palm was bending to her mate,
I marked her meaning well:
And passed within the city gate,
The old fond tale to tell"

"I can remember, Audrey," she said, "when I read those lines, and they were so much Greek to me. Now I understand them perfectly. They mean that everyone must have love, that like will seek like, that the young seek youth, the beautiful seek others as fair. Everything in nature loves, even to the butterfly who loves the bluebell, and the bee which is betrothed to the bloom: and if flowers and birds, bees and butterflies, all love, how much more we— I think—nay, I am sure, that I have been blind all my life until now."

"And what has given light and sight to your eyes now?" I asked.

I could not resist the question, although I knew it would have been so much better left alone; but she looked at me with calm, sweet eyes.

"I do not know," she answered. "It seems to me that the eyes of my soul are just open, and that they see infinite light—infinite brightness. Ah me!"

I knew, though she did not, what had taught her, and my heart went out to her in great loving pity. She went on, a perfect rapture of happiness shining in her face.

"Even the moonlight is different to me. I thought it cold and capricious. Now I see the light is tender and full of poetry; now I see—"

But the words were never finished. Quite suddenly the white gate opened, and we heard a voice that made my heart beat, say:

"You are here, Lady Latimer. Philip said you would be here by the river."

Ah me! the light on her face—the tender, beautiful blush—the rapt expression when she turned to Colonel North, and said, with a smile:

"How did you know that I should be here?"

"I felt quite sure of it. You love the moonlight, and you love the river. When we found the drawing-room empty, I said to Lionel, 'Lady Latimer and Miss Lovel have gone to look at the moonlight.'"

"I, of course," interrupted Lionel, "said at once, 'Let us find them.' And we have found you."

There was one moment of delicious silence, when it seemed to me that the very moonlight throbbed and thrilled on the air.

"We need not hurry in," said Colonel North. "Several of them are coming. A stroll by the river on this moonlight night will be much better than sitting in a drawing-room by the light of lamps!"

Then came half an hour that was like time stolen from Paradise. It seemed quite natural that Captain Fleming should walk by my side, even more natural that Colonel North should walk with Lady Latimer. Others joined us, but no one broke up these little groups; no one came to me, no one joined Lady Latimer.

We talked about everything bright and beautiful; of the river that rolled on to the sea, of the moon that shone in the sky, of the wind whose whispers were those of a lover among the leaves. Then I perceived that Colonel North and Lady Latimer were standing by the rustic bridge which spanned the river. The black lace shawl had fallen, leaving her golden head bare, and her lovely face all washed by the moonlight. She looked wondrously fair. Captain Fleming was looking at them.

"What a beautiful pair they would make," he said, suddenly. "Colonel North is my ideal of a soldier, and Lady Latimer is one of the fairest of women."

Indeed, the dark, soldierly face and figure showed to great advantage by the side of the fair and radiant woman.

We remained out-of-doors nearly an hour. I went with Captain Fleming to the square of fountains. They were indescribably beautiful under the light of the harvest moon, and I am afraid we forgot every one else. I did. It was the night of nights to me. But when we came back to the drawing-room Lady Latimer was there. The beautiful tenor voice of Colonel North was ringing through the room, and she stood by the window listening, with a dreamy smile on her fair face, and these were the words that he sung:

"Not much I sought, I had my dream—
Dear love, your very words I quote—
A rose, the ripple of a stream,
A blue sky and a boat

"But roses fade as roses blow
And summer skies can lower and frown
The stream runs deep and dark, and so
This boat of ours went down

She smiled as she listened to the words, then, lightly touching a yellow rose that she wore on her breast, she said:

"Roses fade as roses blow, but this one will never die."

"Who gave it to you?" I asked.

"Colonel North," she answered; and I saw all heaven in her face as she uttered the words. Then—then I knew all.

CHAPTER VIII.

I then knew all. I knew that she had found the something missing in her life, that she had learned what the birds sung about and the wind whispered to blossom and leaf, what the waves said when they broke on the shore. She had learned the great secret of life, which was love; but she did not know it—ah! thank God for that.

She would not have looked so happy, so bright, so innocent, if she had known what had happened to herself. She did not know: that was my chief cause for gratitude. The knowledge might come to her, but it had not done so yet, and I vowed to myself that if I could I would guard her from it. She had entered fairyland, but she was all unconscious that she had passed the golden gate. She had listened to the songs of Paradise, but she did not know they had sounded in her ears. She had drunk of the chalice which is all foam, but she had not recognized its flavor. She saw suddenly, and as she had never seen it before, all the beauty and brightness of the world, but she did not know what had opened her eyes. I prayed heaven she never might.

She was so innocently happy, the expression on her face was one of glad content; even Lord Latimer noticed it at last.

"It seems to me, Grace," he said to her one morning, "that you have grown better looking."

I thought to myself, "Oh, blind of eyes, blind of heart, not to understand." Surely, any one who loved her might have seen the danger she was in; so young, so fair, with such a passionate, loving heart, and left entirely to her own resources—for Lord Latimer spent very little time with his guests. He had grown older and more feeble lately, and as life slipped away and he lost his grasp of its pleasures, he grew morose and more stern. He liked Lionel Fleming, and he spent a great deal of time in talking to him; but he never went out with the sportsmen, he never joined the luncheon parties. He dined every evening with his guests, but he never appeared in the drawing room after dinner. She was left, then, to herself, to the influence of the sweet, sad music and the harvest moon. There was no one to say, "Do not let Colonel North sing your heart away;" no one to say, "Do not go out every evening while the harvest moon is shining;" no one seemed to notice anything but me. Lady Latimer was mistress of the house, Colonel North the most important guest in it. It was natural that he should walk and ride by her side, that he should be her escort, that he should make her the especial object of his attentions; but it was not natural that he should look at her, when he was singing, with his whole heart in his eyes, and that every night, while the harvest moon was shining, he should ask her to go down and look at the river with him; nor was it quite natural that he should gather all the flowers she wore, and talk so much poetry to her. I thought often of her simple words to me, "How nice it must be to have some one to say loving words to you and bring you nice flowers!" She had both now—flowers and words.

I tried my best to take care of her. I often sacrificed the time I might have spent with Captain Fleming in sitting beside her, trying to take some little of her attention from Colonel North. I might as well have tried to fly over the moon; but, thank heaven! no one saw it except me.

The boys loved Colonel North. He was their beau-ideal of a soldier, a gentleman, and a "man who had no nonsense about him," which was Bob's favorite description of him. Give them half an hour with the colonel, and they were quite happy. "He knows how to treat a boy; there is no make-believe about him," they said. To my wonder, astonishment, indignation and dismay, they preferred him to the heir of Lorton's Cray. They all wanted to be "tall as the colonel, hand-some as the colonel, and just as upright." In fact, the colonel was the hero of the hour. Captain Fleming came next, but, as Bob irreverently expressed it, he was not "real jam."

During this happy month of September, Lord Latimer did not forget my father and mother. Every day there was a dispatch of game from the hall to the vicarage, and every week, at least, they joined us at dinner. They saw nothing of what troubled me so greatly; my sweet mother would not have understood such a thing. They considered Colonel North a king among men—so brave, so gallant, so courteous; they quoted him and admired him. He was a Chevalier Bayard in their eyes, but they preferred Captain Fleming.

One night, when they dined at Lorton's Cray, I sat next to Captain Fleming at dinner. We talked, as usual, laughed and amused ourselves; a rose that I had been wearing was transplanted to the buttonhole of his coat. After dinner he talked to me again. We had dancing that evening and he danced with me. I am not quite sure whether I remembered the existence of any other person. When the evening ended I saw an expression of anxiety on my mother's face. She called me to her side in the great entrance hall, and, raising her face to mine, she looked straight into my eyes. "Audrey," she said, "for the first time in my life I am anxious over you. I am not quite sure if I have done a wise thing in letting you come to live here. My dear, the heir of Lorton's Cray is a very handsome young man."

"He is as good and brave as he is handsome, mother," I replied.

Her face cleared a little; this open praise disarmed her.

"He seems to like talking to you, Audrey," she continued; "but, of course, my dear child, you always bear in mind the difference in your positions. You have too much sense, Audrey, to let your mind get filled with absurd ideas. I—I should not like you to be made unhappy because I am not here to look after you; it would imbitter my whole life."

I smiled. I had never hoped, I had never thought of hope, so that I could safely look in my mother's face and smile.

I took her to the great hall window, whence we could see the stars shining in the sky. I pointed to the brightest and the largest.

"Do you see that star, mother?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"I should sooner think of asking it to come down from heaven to me than of filling my mind with foolish ideas about Captain Fleming."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Mustache Over Seven Feet Long.

The people of Bellington W. Va., are proud of one of their citizens, whose only claim to greatness is his enormous beard and mustache. His name is Brown—plain James Brown—but nature could not hide his identity even in the Virginia mountains, especially after bestowing on him such an enormous beard. Brown is six feet and one inch in height, but even his great stature does not hinder his chin beard from trailing on the floor when he stands erect. The mustache is even a greater curiosity than his beard, being nearly seven feet and four inches "from tip to tip."

How They Do It in Paris.

There is to be a lawn tennis club established in Paris upon a grand scale. It will have eight courts, two of which will be covered and available for winter play; there will also be dining-rooms, dressing and bath rooms. It is the intention of the club to hold two tournaments each year, to which English players will be invited, and an English professional has been engaged who will look after the lawn and instruct players when necessary. The subscription is fixed at 150 francs for the first 100 members, after which it will be raised to 200 francs.

He Knew His Business.

"You wish to join our staff as proof-reader?"

Applicant—Yes, sir.

"Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?"

"Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistake in the paper just blame 'em on me and I'll never say a word."—London Judy.

Philanthropic.

Editor—What are you going to do with these iron boxes.

Enterprising Publisher—Sh—. I have a scheme. Into each of these boxes I am going to put a loaf of bread, and ten coupons cut from our paper will entitle a starving person to the use of a key.—Truth.

HOW SHE GOT A NEW PARASOL

It Took Ingenuity and Clever Fingers, but It Proved a Great Success

She wanted a new parasol, she needed a new parasol, and she made up her mind to have a new parasol. She also decided not to to ask Tom for $6 with which to buy a new parasol. As she didn't know how to earn $6 and new parasols do not grow on bushes in this latitude it was evident that if she had a new parasol she must make it.

Looking over the relics of departed finery she found a parasol of pongee silk. It was sound as to ribs and handle; but the silk was dirty, the lining worn, and the shape too flat to be in style. A parasol in the wrongshape is a drug in the market.

Then she set her wits to work. When a woman is in the habit of using her thinking apparatus and has fingers to correspond, she is a power in the land.

By-and-by she emerged from her brown study and took off the cover and lining. The cover she washed; the lining she threw away. She took in a fraction of an inch at each seam on her machine and put back the cover. The reduction in diameter pulled down each rib an inch, and the unfashionable flatness had vanished.

The parasols this season are all covered with flimpsy things gathered into frills and what not. She found in her trunk of scraps—every woman has one—the mousseline de soie that had formed the drapery of a party dress. It was too soiled for further use and mousseline de soie cannot be washed. She dipped it in coffee, pressed it, and it came out a rich, delicate brown. She put it over the pongee silk and gathered it here and puckered it there.

And there was her new parasol.

WHY THE BOYS CRIED.

An Affecting Street Scene Caused by a Theatrical Poster.

The fence on the Eighth avenue side of the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, between Fifty-sixth and Fifth seventh streets, is always covered with theatrical posters. Within the past few days a large and highly-colored picture representing the death of the heroine in a melodrama attracted the attention of passers-by. The prostrate figure of the woman is life size, and the words "She is dead" appear as coming from the lips of a man who is standing over her.

One evening two small boys paused in front of the picture. They were ragged and dirty, but pert and quick-witted, as most New York gamins are. There was an unbroken line of pedestrains moving up and down the street. Suddenly, with voices pitched in a shrill key the urchin began to cry. Each one rubbed his grimy fists in his eyes and danced about as if in pain. Louder and louder grew their yells as their physical contortions increased in vehemence. People stopped and gazed at the boys in amazement. Soon a good sized crowd blocked up the sidewalk, and still the urchins kept up their racket.

A sympathetic young woman touched one of the boys on the shoulder and said: "Little boy, what is the matter? Tell me, and perhaps I can help you."

"No yer can't," blubbered the lad between yells.

"Why not? What is it?" asked the sympathetic lady.

"'Cause she's dead!" shrieked the boy, pointing to the picture, and then he and his companions gave vent to peals of derisive laughter, such as only New York boys can emit. The crowd speedily dissolved.—New York Times.

Providence Postage Stamps.

"Here is something that many of our citizens know very little about," said Mr. Calder of Providence, Secretary of the Rhode Island Philatelic Society, to a Journal reporter, as he took from its hiding place a well-worn envelope containing a thin sheet of paper about three inches square. It was a sheet of the old Providence city postage stamps which were used by permission of the National Government of 1846, before the days when that business became the sole privilege of the Federal Government. It is somewhat of a curiosity. The sheet contains 11 5-cent stamps for city postage and one 10-cent stamp for outside the city. The stamps have rather a rude and time-worn appearance, being printed in a black ink of a tint suggestive of a faded, poor quality writing fluid. "How much is the sheet worth?" asked the reporter. "I want $50 for it," replied Mr. Calder, "There are very few of those unused sheets out, and they are extremely valuable, I only know of four other sheets in this city.—Albany Journal.

Here's the Man of It.

"I can't for the life of me see how women can be so vain, nonsensical and fond of ornament—confound it!"

His train of thought was suddenly broken off by sticking his finger through the badge of the Dunk social club which he was fastening conspicuously on his vest before the mirror.

"By the way, Maria, I want you to clean the feather of my regalia suit for the parade next month and—where's that charm I won at the raffle? I want to hang it on my watch chain.—From the Philadelphia Times.

He Had no Case.

Individual (stepping into witness-box): As I was going home last night, your worship, somebody fired a pistol, and the shot went right through my hat."

Magistrate (impatiently): "Tut, tut! My good man, that's nothing. Wait till you get one in your head, then we will go into the matter. Next case."

In Germany the works of Sir Walter Scott are used as a school text book.

It is said that Hiram Maxwell has expended $35,000 on his flying machine.

A Paris florist charged the emperor of Russia $1,000 for a wreath ordered for the funeral of President Carnot.

It is stated that Thomas A. Edison has already expended nearly $1,000,000 in his experiments to find a commercial method of reducing low grade ores by electricity.

Johns Hopkins, founder of the Johns Hopkins university, was a Maryland Quaker. He died a bachelor in 1873 at the age of 79, leaving for the institution $3,000,000.

In a recent article on Coffee and Cocoa, the eminent German Chemist, Professor Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing Cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the Cocoa substances. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so-called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action, and aromatic flavor. The treatment of Cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable. . . . Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious Breakfast Cocoa made by WALTER BAKER & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals, or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.

God will give abundance of light to the one who loves it.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Spiritual dyspepsia is harder to cure than any other kind.

Some naturalists say that the whale was once a land animal that took to the water for safety.

Farming and Stock Raising in Nebraska

A pamphlet containing valuable information about Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and eastern Colorado, with a sectional map of that country, will be sent free on application to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Although the eccentric and wealthy Wister brothers, who died in Philadelphia not long ago, never used tobacco, they left among their effects a costly and elaborate collection of smokers' articles.

A Cheap Trip South.

Tickets will be sold at one fare round trip to points in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, on the line of the Louisville & Nashville, and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroads, on Jan. 8, Feb. 5, March 5, April 2 and 30, 1895. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Geo. H. Horner, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Chief Engineer Louis Robinson, who had charge of the machinery department at the world's fair, has sailed for Montevideo to assume the duties of fleet engineer of the South Atlantic squadron.

Apples!

Finest in the world in the sunny Ozarks of Missouri and Arkansas. Fertile lands for sale cheap on new road from Kansas City to Gulf of Mexico. Write to James Donohue, 5th and Delaware Sts. Kansas City, Mo., for FREE copy of the Missouri and Arkansas Fruitman and Farmer containing lists of lands and all information. Secure valuable lands quick while they are cheap in rich country not infested with blizzards nor drouths.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Dec. 31.—Congressman Breckinridge of Kentucky had but thirty-six men in the opera house last night to hear him lecture on "Eras of American Development and Their Great Men."

California has a state fruit union.

Chestnuts grow wild in all temperate climes.

Japanese farm animals are shod with straw sandals.

Colorado has 3,000,000 acres under artificial irrigation.

Norwegians are the most temperate people in the world.

Oxen and sheep are believed by some stockmen to fatten better in company than when kept alone.

A Louisville lawyer, one of the ablest men at her bar, who served on the bench and is a brother of one of the United States supreme court justices went to the city almshouse lately as a last hope of curing himself of the liquor habit.

W. N. U., D.—XIII—2.

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